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**MARK ALFRED FIRST**

**UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT**  
**FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA**  
**SAN JOSE DIVISION**

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Plaintiff,

vs.

MARK ALFRED FIRST

Defendant.

**NO: CR-07-00622(JF)**

**ATTACHMENT TO  
SENTENCING MEMORANDUM**

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Mark First's letter to Court

(1-6)

Your Honor

I am currently 45 Years old, and I understand that I have broken a serious law and strayed off the path that God and Society dictate. And there is no excuse for such behavior.

In my life I have strived to do good, and to not do things that would lead to trouble.

I am the youngest of four children. I was raised in a broken household from age 5. I went back and forth between my two parents, all through my childhood. Only to find out that they themselves had also moved, Making me the new kid on the block all of the time. I found out that I really couldn't fit in. The number of friends I had as a child could be counted on one hand. Being that friends were far and few between I found myself declining to participate in many social activities. And started to become a loner. This was greatly enhanced by my sometimes tyrannical step father. Who took pleasure in torturing my brother Jeff and I for sometimes hours. For failing to do stuff, or for simply for not responding to him (Yes Sir) / (No Sir)

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in response to his queries. (Which was the expected answer for near anything he said) One common form of torture would be to have us stand (sometimes for hours) in the corner facing the wall, with the required posture of every muscle in our bodies held tense. He had no problems making sure that we knew the proper posture. As he would just walk up behind us and grab us by the hair on the backs of our necks, and jerk us off the ground, and say now straighten up.

It was then that I learned, be a good little soldier, keep my mouth shut, and be invisible, I wouldn't get abused. I didn't recognize it then but I was starting to go through periods of feeling hopeless and worthless. Along with developing a mistrusting loner attitude. And I became un-interested in most organized functions.

I was about the age of 12 when I became interested in girls. And noticed that some guys were making friends with them. I was bothered by this because there was no way I was ever going to befriend one of them and invite her over to my home

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where my step father was. I was not going to give him the chance to destroy me, right in front of a girl who I was reaching out to. It was at that point that I realized that I was never going to date. And I did just that. Not until I was twenty years old did I date. And to date I have only had three heartfelt relationships in my life. And few casual dates.

When I was sixteen, after having just moved back to my mother's home. I had a mental break-down. I was hospitalized. I stayed a ward of the state till I was eighteen. They then set me loose. I soon found myself in misery. I was nearly killed by a drunk driver on my way home one day. After that I lived a life of semi-paralyzed existence. It then took me many years to develop strength, skills and confidence needed to compete in society.

After several years had gone by I was finally starting to feel like I had purpose for the first time ever. Then as I approached forty yrs old, feelings of loneliness and depression began to set back in. I feel as if I had once again missed the train.

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I began feeling like no one loved me again. So I just hide my feelings. Became a hermit when I wasn't at work. And turned to increased alcohol consumption to curb my gloom.

Around this time I tried joining a couple internet dating services, but they only made me feel worse. When I couldn't find anyone interested in me. By feeling worse it made me dwell on how I felt robbed of portions of my childhood. I think it was then that I turned to pornography.

It somehow made my memories seem less hurtful.

So, I found myself in a strange state of feeling, because I would look, but then I would feel guilty because I knew deep down it was wrong. No Matter What I Told Myself.

The year preceding my initial contact with U.S. Customs agents, I was involved with a woman in a serious relationship and really trying to make a go of it. But the relationship was too rocky. And would cause me to feel bad and I would look to the internet for comfort after arguments. It was comforting to

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be able to look without every having to meet anyone I saw. So I didn't feel burdened by any of the facets of a relationship in any sort of way.

Then when the U.S. Customs showed up, we talked. They said some things to me that really hit home. They said that looking at (any underage pornography was illegal) I asked them, why do some of the sites advertise that they are legal? They said - They are still illegal.

One officer then said to clarify for me. He said - What about those kids that the photos were taken of? - What are they going to think of themselves a few years down the road when they think about how their pictures are all over the internet.

This planted a seed in me that made me place myself in their shoes. And consider how many if not all, had their lives irrevocably changed by adults who should have been looking out for them, instead.

It took me right back to the place I was when I lost faith as a child because I felt I had no protector.

I can only imagine the magnitude of sorrow that these children have felt

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as thier dignitif was stolen from them.

Now I, realizing that looking at such things, is a crime, against each one of them individually and collectively. I surrender my heart to due guilt. I ask forgiveness of each and every child on the internet. I ask them to forgive me for taking part in any such activity.

Knowing full well that partaking in any such activity is a sin before man and god. And is a Violation of thier trust in mankind, which has unconceivable long term effects on thier souls. I also ask forgiveness of the courts and mankind for destroying the same trusts.

Mark A. Lusb  
April 22<sup>nd</sup> 08